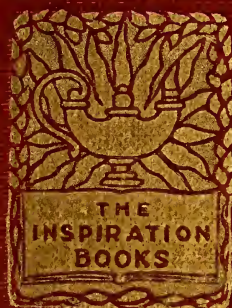


A SCORE *of* FAMOUS MEN

THOMAS TAPPER





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A SCORE OF FAMOUS MEN

BY

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New York

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A SCORE OF FAMOUS MEN

A SLAVE

HE was born in Greece, about the year 50. You may think this was a long time ago. It is also a long time for a slave to be remembered.

No one knows even the name of his father and mother, nor how he reached Rome. But he did reach that city, and was slave boy to a friend of Nero, the emperor who played the fiddle while Rome was burning.

One day this slave boy's master was amusing himself by twisting the boy's leg. The boy, whose name was Epictetus, smiled and said :

“You will break it.”

The master gave it one more twist, just to see how much the boy could stand.

“Did I not tell you that you would break it?”

So, with a broken leg, this slave boy left Rome and became a philosopher.

When he had settled down to live in a small hut, with a bed and a lamp for furniture he began to lecture, to anyone who cared to listen, on philosophy. His principal subject was, “Bear and Forbear.” All classes of people came to hear him, and after his death one of his admirers paid over five hundred dollars for his lamp.

Another of the followers of this slave philosopher wrote his lectures out in eight small books, only four of which remain.

These four books, or chapters, you can buy in one volume for about thirty-five cents (which is about what his lamp was worth), and you can read some of the most practical

directions for living successfully in the United States in the present time that can be found.

Hence, in one sense, his book becomes a lamp, for by reading it one can see how to live.

A modern writer says the philosophy of Epictetus is of the most practical character. He talks always about the best way to live. We need that teaching in these days as much, perhaps, as the Romans did. He used to tell his pupils that to come to him for lessons was like going to a surgeon. "You cannot go out smiling after the operation; but in pain."

In a chapter called "The Game of Life," he says: "Things are not in my power, but TO WILL is in my power." It may, as he said, be a little painful to apply the meaning of this. Epictetus means that if you are unhappy because you want a lot of things and cannot get them, turn to your will power and tell it to make you happy.

It is a common thing in these days to see

women who buy everything in sight, from motor cars to lovely hats, who are unhappy nevertheless. They need the light of the lamp of Epictetus.

About himself he says—and this applies to the person who “just loves to travel”—“Wherever I go it will be well with me, not because of the place, but because of my opinion about things.”

This shows a specialist in common sense.

“Lift up thy head and be delivered from slavery,” he says.

Do we need that advice in these days? Ask the man who is a slave to drink, or the woman who is a slave to fashion.

“When I find a good teacher,” he says, “it is for me to practice what he teaches.”

If this is the first time you have heard of Epictetus, the Greek slave, you have found a good teacher. It is for you to practice what he teaches.

Remember this:

1. He was born a slave.
2. He smiled when his master broke his leg.
3. His name has been kept alive nearly nineteen hundred years.
4. Through the wonderful arts of writing and printing you can to-day read what he said.
5. This means that a man who lived two thousand years ago CAN INFLUENCE YOU TO-DAY.
6. That is, he can influence you if you want to be influenced.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE WILD PARSNIP

ONCE upon a time, and about twenty-four hundred years ago, there wandered about the streets of the City of Athens, in Greece, an ill-clad man who was said to be the homeliest person in the world.

A man with that reputation is sure to be noticed. And this man was very much noticed, not only because he was homely, but because he talked.

He talked with anyone who would listen: Potters, bakers, poets, teachers, soldiers, sons of rich men—everybody, in fact, was welcome to converse with him, or to stop and listen to him.

He drew a bigger crowd than you see standing around the sidewalk peddlers in Four-

teenth street. And he was not selling things, either.

He was giving something away, free, to anyone who would take it.

The name of the thing he gave away was Wisdom.

A good many who stood listening to him were amused. They liked to hear him question people and turn the laugh on them, just as a good many stand in front of the toy man in Fourteenth street and laugh to see the tin monkey climb the string. They have no intention of buying the tin monkey, but they like to see it go up and down.

Well, a good many people who stood listening to this man, whose name was Socrates, never intended to take away any of his Wisdom; but they liked to see him embarrass people, and tangle them up by asking them questions.

Now, this man Socrates, was a good man. He talked from one year's end to another on

the simple subject, "KNOW THYSELF." He specialized all that is implied in this doctrine, first, by living it himself, and, secondly, by urging everyone else to do the same sensible thing.

He elected himself to be the teacher of his people. He took no money for his instruction, and no presents of any kind. He urged everybody to cleanse the mind of superstition, false beliefs, delusions, fraud, and all the rest of the weakening negatives, and to make it the serious business of life to be a whole man, in order that Athens and Greece might possess the most pure-minded people in the world.

He kept this up so long, and began to succeed so well that a young lawyer, a sort of district attorney, had him arrested for corrupting the youth. He was brought into court and tried. If ever a prisoner embarrassed and tangled up a lawyer, Socrates did so with that district attorney. And he did

the same thing with the judges and everybody else—including most of the people of Athens. So the jury voted that he should be put to death.

Socrates was then seventy years old.

You should read the account of that trial. It is called the “Apology of Plato” (because Plato wrote it out). You can get it from any library, and you can read it in an hour. Following it, you will find another chapter, called the Crito, in which you will read how certain friends of Socrates offered to smuggle him out of the country, so that he could escape death.

His reply to this was that, to run away, even though he was unjustly condemned, would be a confession that all the preaching he had done for years was humbug. In other words, he preferred to die for his principles (Know Thyself) than to save his life.

The way they put a man to death in those days was to give him a cup of hemlock. This was a drink made from the roots of the wild

parsnip, a weed that grows in the United States.

He talked with his friends up to the time the jailer came in with the fatal drink, never losing his dignity for a moment, but conversing as he had for years, and teaching those who were with him in the last moments that a man who had urged others to be true to themselves, should himself be true, even in the face of death.

Then the jailer handed him the cup. Socrates drank the hemlock and lay down. The peculiar effect of the poison is that it benumbs the body. He kept on talking while the poison began to numb his feet; it moved to the knees, and he talked; to the thighs, and he talked; to the body, and still he talked, begging those present to be true to principle. All the while the poison was mounting bit by bit through the body, until, finally, it reached the heart.

Then the voice was still.

But if you go to the library and get the book I have spoken of, you will hear his voice saying as clearly 'as ever: KNOW THYSELF, AND BE TRUE, which shows that, so far as the teachings of a great and simple man are concerned, twenty-four hundred years are as nothing.

He is just as much alive to-day as the wild parsnip plant is in our fields.

And he is just as busy as ever giving away Wisdom, free, to anyone who wants it enough to stop in the midst of the busy life of to-day and listen to him.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS NOTE BOOK

IF the President of the United States should move about freely among the people, should do his part in government duties, watch the building of the Panama Canal, go now and then to the Philippines to see how the army is at work, and, as he did these things, should pull a note book from his pocket and write in it, we might be excused for wondering what he wrote.

We might properly expect to find that he was taking notes about people, government, canals and armies.

But what should we think if we found that instead of notes on these things, he was quietly jotting down such statements as these:

1. Be not satisfied with a superficial view of things.

2. Perform every action as though it were your last.

3. Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you think on, for the soul is tinged with the color and complexion of thought.

4. A man misbehaves himself toward me: what is that to me? The action is his; therefore, let him look to it.

5. The best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury.

There was once a man who did just this thing. He was Emperor of the Roman people, and his name was Marcus Aurelius. Although he was ruler of the greatest empire on earth in his time, and as busy as a banker, who lives to make more money every day, he always had his note book with him.

Whether he was at home in Rome or in the council chamber, or in a distant province sitting by a camp fire, he attended strictly to the business of being an emperor, but the moment

this business TAUGHT HIM ANYTHING ABOUT LIFE, he jotted it down in his book. Some days he wrote nothing; again, a line or two. But, by writing a line or two now and then, one soon makes a book.

This is what happened in the case of the Emperor. The little book he made and carried in his pocket he called his Talks with himself.

THAT BOOK HELD EVERYTHING HE FOUND OUT ABOUT LIFE AND HOW TO LIVE.

It was not a book about Rome, or the empire, or How I Shoot Wild Animals; it was just a plain statement of what the man found out about life, and how to live it to the best advantage.

Even the milkman can write such a book if he wants to. All he needs to do is to have his note book handy, and jot down the things he learns as he drives from one house to the next.

Of course, the milkman could not make a

book like the Emperor's, but, on the other hand, the Emperor could not have made one like the milkman's.

This book by Marcus Aurelius was written in Latin. It has been translated into many languages, English among them, and every library has a copy.

You can get it for the asking, and read what there is in life that is worth while to an Emperor, to a milkman, and to yourself. It is easy to read, of simple words, simple sentences, and simple ideas. That is always the way a great book is made.

There are a good many people in the world who seem to care little about how to live. What they think of most is a pair of tan shoes, or a big hat, or enough chewing gum to keep their jaws going, or a chocolate éclair every now and then.

But if anyone is even mildly interested in learning how to live a little better to-morrow than to-day, this book of the Emperor's will

be a friend in need, and a great joy. If you have such an interest in life, you will not read it once, but you will always read it. Here and there you may disagree with what Marcus Aurelius says. Times and conditions change in two thousand years, but, on the whole, you will prize it as much as a hungry boy does an apple dumpling; more, in fact, for the boy can have the apple dumpling only once, but you can have the food in this book as many times as you are hungry for it.

THE BAND MAN AND THE STARS

TRUTH is stranger than fiction. No man can imagine anything so wonderful as that which really happens.

Such is the case of William Herschel. The story of his success ought to brace up anyone, no matter how crude his work is, or how little he has.

William was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1738. Though that is a long time ago, it makes no difference, for success is won now just as it always has been. His father played in the band of the Hanoverian Guard; and the family fortune was such that the boy got little or no education. So in this respect, the boy of to-day is ahead of him.

But young Herschel had a desire to learn, and he put in all his spare time studying:

music and mathematics. His rule was to do everything thoroughly, so he learned these two subjects well. At fourteen, William joined the band and played as his father did, for a living. After a time the band visited England, and this led the boy to determine to settle there, which he did when he was nineteen.

He first taught music and played the organ, and earned a very poor living, but later he moved to Bath, in the south of England, and fortune favored him more generously. For five or six years he worked hard, and gained a solid reputation in Bath as a musician.

But all the while he kept on studying and dreaming about other things.

His sister came to live with him when he was twenty-three, and she said the first thing she noticed about his life was this: He worked hard at music all day, and when he went to his room at night he worked on his books as long as he could keep awake.

He had made up his mind to become an astronomer.

He had no telescope, nor could he buy one.

So he and his sister began the difficult task of making a telescope. The first one had a small lens, and its tube was made of pasteboard which his sister put in shape for him. Later, he replaced the pasteboard tube with one of tin. Poor as this instrument was, he saw the glories of the moon, Jupiter and Saturn with it.

But he wanted better tools for his profession, and by putting in every moment of his spare time, he finally constructed a telescope of six feet focal length.

Now this young man was no ordinary stargazer. His object was to study the entire heavens, and find its plan of structure, if he could. To bring this about he and his sister worked at grinding and polishing lenses and making better instruments. And he went on using every hour of the night he could keep

awake in viewing the heavens. As his instruments were not balanced in the modern manner, he had to fix his telescope to a post and walk around it.

While he did this his sister fed him with her own hands so that he could keep his hands busy with the instruments he had in them.

Then, through what might seem an accident, this boy, who once played the oboe in the band, had a fine chance to meet Opportunity. In order to get a clear view of the moon one night, he set up his telescope (the one he had made) in the street opposite his house. An influential man happened to come along the street and, seeing the youth, asked permission to look at the moon. From the acquaintance thus begun, young Herschel was introduced to the Royal Society, and sent to it a paper of his own writing on the "Mountains of the Moon."

Now, no one who had seen that boy marching in the band would ever have suspected

that he had an idea about the mountains of the moon in his head.

But he had.

And if you have that idea, or one like it, don't mind if others do not suspect it. Keep at work on your idea, whatever it is.

With an introduction to the learned society Herschel's future was assured. He worked hard as long as he lived—and that was to the age of eighty-four. He made many discoveries, one of which was the planet Uranus. He wrote many papers on astronomy and his name became famous.

One day George the Third invited him to come to the royal residence at Windsor. When Herschel arrived the King offered him the appointment to be henceforth his private astronomer. He accepted the post, for it allowed him to give all his time to science.

The salary for this was little, only one thousand dollars per year. The man who looked through Herschel's telescope that

night in the street said, when he heard of this appointment: "Never before was honor purchased by a monarch at so cheap a rate."

Every biography teaches us something. In the case of William Herschel that teaching is this:

A man doing anything can in time do something better if he wants to.

He has only to put in his spare time on the better thing and, pretty soon, he can give it all his time.

If it happens that he wants to study stars, and he has no telescope, he will be sure to make one if he is serious about the stars.

Even if he has to be fed by the hands of another while he is star-gazing, it will be no privation.

A serious young man is sure to attract the attention of somebody who will give him a lift in life.

When he gets this lift the rest of the job is his to look after and push forward.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH WOOD EN- GRAVING

THOMAS BEWICK, born in 1753, was known as the Father of English Wood Engraving. He came of a very poor family. His mother, before her marriage, was kitchen maid in the house of a schoolmaster. When she was not busy with housework she taught the class in Latin.

The impulse to write poetry was no stronger in Robert Burns than to make pictures was in Thomas Bewick. Indeed, Bewick showed his talent much earlier in life.

When he was old enough he was sent to school, and from his first schoolday to his last he was, on the one hand, full of mischief; on the other, full of industry.

When he had written out the lesson on his

slate he used to rule off all the remaining space, where he drew pictures of all kinds. And yet, at this time, he tells us that with the exception of a sign or two in the hamlet where he lived, he had never seen a picture.

When he grew old enough to read and study from a book, he thought himself very fortunate, for he could use the margin of every page for drawing pictures. Very soon he had no margin left on which to draw. Having no paper, for paper cost money, he was hard put to it to find a place on which to practice his talent. Finally he thought of the parish church, and going into its burying ground, he drew pictures in chalk on all the gravestones.

The boy's father scolded him for wasting his time in picture-making; but he went on looking for space of any kind on which he could make a mark. When he had filled all the gravestones, he began on the white-washed walls of the cottages.

Of what did he make pictures?

Practically everything in nature “furnished me with an endless supply of subjects for study.”

All the people in the village thought him a great artist and he decorated the walls of their rooms, as he once said, “at a very cheap rate.” On one wall there were birds and insects; on another, the picture of a hunter; on others, of his horse, and of every dog in the hunting pack.

One day, while he was still a little boy a great piece of fortune came to him. A friend gave him some paper. With a pen and ink made from the brambleberry which grew wild about his home, he felt that he could try his hand at anything.

The boy made so many pictures of beasts and birds, and followed so many hunting parties that he soon began to see the cruelty of killing animals and birds for sport. This came about because, in studying them as the subjects of drawing, he learned that their

beauty is greatest when it is unmarred by blood. He learned very early in life that a bird or an animal has a wholesome enjoyment of life, just as a human being has. A good many people do not know that important fact yet.

But this boy, who studied nature so much, had other things to do; picking up firewood, tending sheep, planting and gathering crops. Hence, all his picture-making had to be done in odd minutes. But by using his odd minutes earnestly he became a successful man.

Biography seems to teach us that odd minutes will make any man famous if he employs them to one purpose. He may use the working day as he pleases; if he only takes care of his spare time his future and fortune are safe.

Then there were the winter evenings that came early. The family and the neighbors gathered together to sing songs and tell tales about the strength and bravery of the heroes

who fought in the border wars. On fair days he watched the bees and spiders, the bugs and fishes, and learned to draw them so true to nature that the skill he was then gaining was one day to make him famous.

Then he grew to be fourteen years old, and, following the custom of the times, he was "bound out" as apprentice to an engraver; a fine fortune for him, for his practice in drawing came into play.

All kinds of work was brought into the shop. The boy learned it from the very bottom; from sharpening and tempering the tools, to engraving with them. He had a good master. "I think," he said, "he was the best master in the world for teaching boys, for he obliged them to put their hands to every variety of work."

After he had learned to do the coarser kinds of engraving—he was then about fifteen—his master gave him what they called in the shop "nicer jobs." Every time such a job came to

his hands he tried to do it better than the master himself could do it.

Meanwhile, between the nicer jobs, he learned to make steel punches, to engrave letters, and to cut seals. When he had learned these arts, he was entrusted with making the blocks to be used to illustrate children's story books. This task aroused his ambition so far that he worked "better than his best" on it, and as a result, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts awarded him a prize. The prize was to be, as he wished, a gold medal or seven pounds in money. He chose the money.

Being but a boy one wonders how so much money—for it was quite a lot in his time—would affect him. He answers this himself: "In my solitary walks the first resolution I made was that of living within my income, and of never getting anything on trust."

So when the seven pounds came, he said: "I never in my life felt greater pleasure than in presenting it to my mother."

In the course of time Thomas Bewick made pictures and engraved them for many books; some were children's books, for which he drew as fine pictures as he could, so that other children might have better illustrations in their books than he, as a boy, had in his. From such work he proceeded to the animals, birds and fishes of his country; then to engraving a bank note of such nature that it could not be counterfeited.

Yet his impulse in all the work he did was to go to nature for his models, for he had learned as a little boy that her supply of everything having life is so great that no one could exhaust it.

All his life long this man was simple, looking to nature, and listening to her. As an inspiration to any boy who wants to win success, his life is full of interest. He was born very poor; he loved his home, poor as it was, and he loved amusement, but whatever he did, whether fishing, hunting, planting or

playing, he kept one idea before him always, and that was to make his pictures better and better every day.

Thomas Bewick went to school but little, and yet he became so well educated that his life, written by himself, reads like the work of a man whose profession was letters and not engraving.

When he signed his name, which he wrote in very beautiful letters, he imprinted upon it the impression of his thumb, showing that he knew the value of a finger print in identifying a man.

CHARLES DICKENS

THROUGHOUT the English-speaking world, Charles Dickens's birthday was celebrated on February 7, 1912. In England a celebration by more than one hundred famous actors and actresses was given, in which scenes from the novelist's books were represented and performed.

Dickens invented a wonderful gallery of characters. They are attractive because they seem right and natural, and they seem right and natural not only because they are true portraits of individuals, but because they are true types. The humble Uriah Heep always lives. Every young man is a David Copperfield in one way or another. Every pious humbug is a Mr. Pecksniff.

Anyone who knows of the early poverty

and struggle to which Charles Dickens was exposed, allowing him little schooling, in the strict sense, must wonder at his uniform fine writing. His vocabulary is extensive, his knack in turning phrases, in saying things in the most direct way, is remarkable.

Thackeray had all the advantages in youth, of education and travel, and yet his pages are not as alive as are those of Dickens.

A novel by Dickens is so full of character that it reminds us of nothing so much as a crowded street which he saw and photographed in words, fitting everybody in, making every portrait clear, and every habit of manner and speech as plain as if the man or woman were standing before us.

In about thirty years Dickens wrote nearly as many volumes. Every one of them is alive to-day, and every one of them is loved by thousands of people.

The secret of the hold on us that Dickens has, is found in the wonderful power of ob-

servation by which he puts plainly before us a great host of characters, and by his unfailing sympathy with human nature. He makes us feel this same sympathy, even while we are watching, in his pages, the passing crowd of his characters.

Most people read Dickens for pleasure. He offers us much more than that. His pages are full of people whom we can study to advantage, because the same sort of people live to-day, and we know them. But, as a rule, we do not see them in life as plainly as we see them in a book.

A man can read Dickens and gain this faculty. If he does gain it, the whole world about him becomes the greatest novel that can be. This is the thought that Pope had in mind when he said: "The proper study of mankind is man."

If you love to read Dickens, do not fail to let him teach you how to read the world you live in.

You may never write a novel, but you will be forever reading the greatest of all stories, and that is the story of life as it is lived every day.

Do not let your sympathy be aroused for a character in a novel without learning how to have it aroused by people. If Charles Dickens had to ride downtown in a street car every day, he would probably write a book about street car people. He would select them because they are real people, living a real life and doing things every day.

To read a book and get at the original of which the author writes, is the one reason for reading it. If you can do that, the fact becomes plain that writers write about what they see, and about what they think of what they see.

This first-hand reading of people is a great thing. You learn to understand them better, you judge them more kindly and justly. You recognize their shortcomings and their pecu-

liarities. In brief, you, too, become a reader of real men and real women.

Many men have written novels. Every one of them had to go to the world about him for his material, more or less. To enjoy fully the book he writes, you must do the same thing.

We live in a wonderful world, well worth studying.

No novel can ever be written that ignores the world we live in.

Do not read book-novels alone.

Read the great world-novel, in which the characters are many.

And remember that you are one of the characters; the one you should read most.

A SCOTCHMAN

THOMAS CARLYLE was a Scotchman and a philosopher. He had a strong faculty for seeing things in the right way. This made him wish to tell other people what he saw and how he understood things. So he began to write books.

You may never have read a book by Thomas Carlyle. If not, you will find that his easy thinking makes hard reading. The books written by Carlyle are certainly not easy to master. The reason for this is that he never tries to put your mind to sleep ; but to keep it awake, alert, active. Treating the mind that way is like running up hill. It tires you out, but the following week you begin to notice that your muscles are firmer, and that you

are stronger. Reading Carlyle exercises the mind in the same way.

A man with well-trained muscles may be a success in life, or not. A man with a well-trained mind always is, for if the mind be well trained it is capable, intent on doing things worth while, and of keeping at them until they are done.

This is intended to make it clear why you should read Carlyle, at least a little, if you have not already done so.

Carlyle's English is rugged; so is his common sense. The best way to judge a man is to note what he has to say about a subject with which you are somewhat familiar.

Let us assume that you work for a living; that you know what work means; what work is for; what a man gains by work. With this knowledge at your disposal, read Carlyle's opinion about work and see if he knows what he is talking about. If you find that he does,

you may then be led to read other of his writings.

Here follows the long and short of his opinion on work:

1. Work is noble and sacred.

2. Just so long as a man works earnestly there is hope for him.

3. If you want to get at the truth of things, get work done.

4. The only blessing a man (or woman) needs is to find the best sort of work. This, because it gives one a life purpose.

5. The only real knowledge you can ever get comes from work.

6. Doubt of any kind can only be ended by action.

7. All true work is sacred.

8. Work is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

These are the opinions of Carlyle on work, taken from a chapter that would fill many pages of this book. He is no preacher of

the easy life, but of the strenuous life. When he stands on the street corner and sees the crowd go by, he picks out those WHO HAVE TO WORK as far more fortunate than those who do not have to work.

Now, Carlyle lived to be eighty-six years old and never changed his opinion on work. The only conclusion that should come to us is this:

Are we aware of the great fortune work is for us?

Probably not.

The wise thing to do then, is this:

As work is fortune, and as we must work, let us understand this thing "work" AND GET THE FORTUNE OUT OF IT.

Everybody wants fortune. Well, here it is in our day's job.

Work is noble and sacred.

To attend to business (believing that) just one day, will make a new man out of a wreck.

There is hope for the man who works, because he will find in work and in himself

(which is the same thing) the thing he wants—
Fortune.

Work is a blessing.

Because it opens the mind and you dig out the gold, silver and other precious things with which the world of work is filled.

Is it all a day dream?

Well, just compare Carlyle's point of view on work with that of the Man with the Grouch. He hates work. He is not happy. To him work is neither sacred nor welcome. Hence, he is getting nothing out of it. And, hence, again, he is getting nothing out of himself.

He is waiting for things to turn up. AND THEY DON'T TURN. He meets you on the street corner and gives you his hard luck story. The world is against him; he has no chance, etc.

He is right: The world is against him, because he has come to live on the earth AND HAS FAILED TO LEARN HOW TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THE EARTH.

This language is action.

Those who speak this language will master the earth. But those who do not learn to speak it are crushed by the earth.

So Carlyle is worth reading.

A RICH MAN'S SON

JOHN RUSKIN became a famous man, despite the worst handicap a boy can have. That handicap was this: HE HAD A RICH FATHER.

You may think this is no handicap to a young man. As a matter of fact, it is one of the worst, or it may be. There are some significant young men in American business affairs who are succeeding despite the fact that they inherited money. On analysis, you will find that they do not find their fortune in wealth, BUT IN ACTIVITY. They would rather DO things than HAVE things.

The first mistake the average person makes about money is in regard to its purchasing power. The fact is, it can buy the things

of little permanent use, but not those that give permanent satisfaction.

Mayme Eileen may think a string of pearls the one great joy of life. But in days of trouble they give her no comfort (except by way of the pawnbroker); she cannot talk to them, nor can they do more for her than to blink their little spots of light.

What Mayme Eileen needs in that moment, is something that will help her not to give in to sorrow, not to misread life, not to come to wrong conclusions.

In brief, it will do her no harm to be rich in pearls, if she is at the same time rich in mind.

John Ruskin's name is being spread about yet—even by the department stores, for they sell his most popular book, called "Sesame and Lilies," one of the best descriptions of how to get on in life that has ever been written.

His father was a wine merchant; his mother, a stern and rigid character, who

brought up the boy with severity. Every day, from his early childhood, she called him to her side and he read aloud to her a chapter from the Bible, genealogies and all, until the book was finished. Then they turned back to page one and began it over again. This daily practice continued into the years of his manhood.

It is said that Ruskin taught himself to read by copying print, and thereby mastering his letters. Despite popular discussion, there are more than twenty famous men in the world, and they all show us one common quality. That is, PERSISTENCE; keeping at the thing they want to do, whether they are rich or poor.

In his childhood, Ruskin began to write, and he wrote all his life long. He wrote his first letter at the age of four.

At the age of seven he began to write original works, and to illustrate them with pictures of his own drawing.

He wrote from seven years of age, and throughout his childhood, thousands of lines of poetry describing what he saw as he traveled by coach with his father, who sold wine to the merchants throughout Great Britain.

At the age of ten he wrote a play in two acts, entitled "The Battle of Waterloo." But two years before, he had written a poem of this character:

"These dropping waters that come from the rocks,
And many a hole, like the haunt of a fox;
That silvery stream that runs babbling along,
Making a murmuring, dancing song."

And so on, until he was eighty years of age.

Money and things never troubled him. He troubled them. He learned their value and did not mistake it, but he did not, on the other hand, overrate it. In his scheme of doing things the one principal fact ever before him—as it ought to be before you—was to get the best out of John Ruskin. Not out

of money or a string of pearls, but out of himself.

The greatest fortune a young man can possess is to know that there is something in him of use to himself and to other people. When he knows this, he begins to express himself, that is, to press himself out; that is, again, to press the power in himself out into the open for others to see.

Now a youth doing the town with a liberal allowance, is expressing himself, sure enough. But he is expressing (or pressing out) not what the Creator put in him, but what the lights and glamour of the town put in him. It makes all the difference in the world whether you are trying to get at yourself or at what seem to be the joys of the street.

A BLIND BOY

FEW of us realize how life is simplified by good roads. The fact that a good path leads from one place to another, means (1) that it will save us time and strength getting between the two places; (2) that someone made it.

There was born nearly two centuries ago into the family of poor working people, a son, who was named John Metcalf. At the age of six John was afflicted with smallpox, which destroyed his sight.

He used to grope about the house, learning how to find his way by remembering the order of the doors, the wall, the mantelpiece. When he had learned to do this in the house, he began in the same way to learn the little village where he lived. In three years he

could find his way alone to any part of the town without help.

Being an active boy, he joined in all the sports of his companions. He learned to climb trees, to swim, to ride a horse, and to do many other things that showed the unusual activity of his mind.

One night a man met him and asked the way to a neighboring town. John offered to go with him. He led him across fields and moors, through little lanes and by-paths, and brought him to the door of the inn where the gentleman was to stay.

Samuel Smiles, in telling this story, relates that the gentleman remarked to the landlord of the inn that the boy had probably been drinking.

“Why?” asked the landlord.

“I judge so from the very peculiar look in his eyes.”

“Why,” said the landlord, “the boy is stone blind.”

“Call him in again,” said the gentleman.

“Are you really blind, my boy?”

“Yes, sir, I have been blind from my sixth year.”

“Had I known that I would not have come over that road with you for a hundred pounds.”

“And I,” said John, “would not have lost my way for a thousand pounds.”

That he was not afraid to travel, however, is shown by the fact that he went alone by steamer to London. To help pay his expenses he took his fiddle with him, and by playing earned many a penny now and then.

From the fact that John was fond of going about as freely as one who could see, he learned of the bad state of the roads that led from town to town over England. When, by an act of Parliament, it was decided to construct a turnpike road in the North of England, John offered to undertake the work, blind as he was, and to construct a satisfac-

tory roadway. He secured the contract and began in a thoroughly businesslike way to become a road constructor.

For thirty years that blind man went on building highways and bridges. He became an expert judge of soil formation. He learned to survey, and to manage large gangs of laborers successfully.

At the age of seventy he gave up this occupation, but, finding that to be happy he must be busy, he interested himself in the cotton business, learning it in the same thorough way that he had learned everything else that he turned his mind to. He bought and operated several spinning and carding machines.

But the cotton business offered him less real satisfaction than road-making did, so once again he turned to it. He secured a contract to build a difficult piece of road for the sum of seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars. This work lasted two years, and when he accounted for the expense involved in it

he found himself the loser by two hundred dollars.

No man can guess the span of his own life, but there remained yet to John Metcalf twenty-three years of activity. He died at ninety-three, and was admitted to be the greatest and most scientific roadmaker of his time.

The misfortune of being blind never troubled him. His mind was so full of plans, his spirit so fearless, his ambition so great, he surpassed thousands of men of his day who had no such handicap as he—so far as eyes were concerned.

But they had, and thousands of us in these days have, a far worse handicap than blindness of the eyes, and that is blindness of the mind. A man who has THAT is doomed. But if the mind be full of activity, if the spirit craves to work, the man can easily overcome the most terrible affliction.

A POOR FARMER

IT is amazing what can be done by a man who has an idea in his head, provided he sticks to his idea until he gets it out into the open.

When this happens, everybody wonders how he did it.

But the man knows. There are four reasons why it happened:

(1) Sticktoitiveness. (2) Inspiration. (3) Perspiration. (4) Pleasure in doing the work called for by the idea.

Somebody expressed the opinion recently that a lot of bosh and nonsense is being written these days about loving your work. The writer seemed to have the idea that most people do not love their work, and couldn't if

they tried; that most work isn't worth doing, etc., etc.

But we do not see any articles written as to how to hate work and hate it hard. No one would spend time writing or reading such an article, BECAUSE THE SENSE OF THE MIND IS AGAINST IT. Most people know that to hate work only makes matters worse. And the man whose day's labor does not give him joy, generally finds something to do on the side, that does.

Take the case of Robert Burns, Scotch poet—truly a famous man. He was born poor; he stayed poor all his life. He succeeded in getting into trouble with great frequency. He tried all his life to get a scant living out of the soil of Scotland, and what he got was certainly scant.

I do not know whether he loved to break his back and fill his body with pain over the tilling of his land, but I do know that all the time he was plowing and digging and plant-

ing he was thinking of the land that gave him birth, of the people who, like himself, were struggling in Scotland, and that all their life and their problems so filled his mind that he became a famous man by working this idea over in his head, and then bringing it out into the open.

The finished job is known as the "Poems of Robert Burns."

Burns has been dead a good many years, and yet every general book store finds itself compelled to keep his poems in stock. People loved his verses in his lifetime, and they love them to-day, and they will love them to-morrow; and they will keep on paying out their money just to read the thoughts of a man, who spent all his life with his body aching from the toil of the fields.

Now the gist of the whole matter is this. The fact that Burns had to work in the fields, had to bend his back near the dirt of the earth, knowing all the while that most of his

countrymen were doing the same thing—
MADE HIM THINK.

When he had thought about it all day, he would plod home at night, climb a ladder to a little room under the eaves, and then try to put on paper the great Scotch problem of his times: HOW TO BE TRUE TO YOURSELF, THOUGH POOR. It is all told in the poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Read that poem, and you will be convinced that there is no deception in a man loving work. Then settle down to business and begin to do things.

It is all a question of what may be called deep-sea thinking, of wide-open eyes, and a wide-open mind. The tired Spring feeling soon begins to stay by a man for twelve months in the year, and the result of this is that he is dead long before he dies.

When you read the poems of Burns—if you ever do—keep this fact in mind: HE WROTE ABOUT THE LIFE HE LIVED. About its conditions, its poverty, its great joy (read "John

Anderson’’), its fun and humor (read ‘‘Tam o’ Shanter’’), its capacity for love, and its wonderfully lofty sentiment (read ‘‘To Mary in Heaven’’).

He did not have to go to distant times and countries for his subject. He wrote about what he saw and felt. He made plenty of mistakes and false steps as he went along, but he stuck close to that one great idea—the life of the people.

If you want to write, or if you want to speak, follow his rule. Write and talk about what you see and feel. A person who does this can succeed even without a great education. Burns had practically none. And yet he is remembered, though many a learned man of his day is entirely forgotten. He wrote the truth of his observations.

Educated people who are soon forgotten mistake knowledge for the essential thing, which is the truth that is spread all about them. Once you see that, and feel it, you

can talk and write about it, and people will listen.

There is no other way.

So don't hate what you do. Try to learn what it all means.

A MAN WHO DID THINGS

A GREAT many people go through life without an education. By this it is commonly meant that they have had little or no schooling. But a great many successful men and women are reckoned among them—people who, despite the handicap of no schooling, have yet got on very admirably in life, after their notion of what one should do.

Mary Lyon could not speak grammatically even at twenty-three, yet her name is closely associated with American education.

Robert Burns had so little schooling that it hardly counted in his life. But his poems are universally read, and college professors lecture about him.

Charles Dickens had practically no educa-

tion, and yet he has been a source of education, as well as of delight, to millions of people.

How Lincoln educated himself is a story familiar to all. And yet Lincoln became a master of English, as well as of some other things.

These four people, and many others of their kind, have become great factors in the education of other people.

The institution founded by Mary Lyon (Mount Holyoke Seminary), is one of the foremost in America.

No person who lays claim even to a little culture omits to read the works of Burns and Dickens.

Every year, in the month of February particularly, the life and influence of Lincoln are read by all people and made the subject of study in school.

A man or woman with an active mind and a quick imagination will succeed even in getting

an education. If the world of books and thought has anything they need, they are sure to get it. Undoubtedly with good school and college training they might get it sooner and better, but if they have the stuff in them of a determined thinker and worker, they will get it anyway.

We need only to compare two men to realize that it is not education alone, but determination, that puts a man forward. With education and determination there seems to be no limit to his progress.

Dickens was practically untaught. His boyhood was one of hard work and plenty of poverty to match.

The case of John Stuart Mill, a man six years older than Dickens, is an illustration of another kind. His "Principles of Political Economy" is a great work, and it is still regarded as an authority. Naturally he has fewer readers than Charles Dickens has.

The boy was educated by his father, John

Mill, who seems to have given him lessons in quite the opposite order of the schools.

When the boy was three years old he was taught the Greek alphabet. At the age of eight he had read many Greek books. "But," he tells us in the story of his life, "I knew little about grammar until later in life."

The first Greek book he read was Æsop's Fables. At the age of eight, being able to read Greek as easily as you read this page, he began to study Latin, and at the same time he read many English historical works, among them the "Annual Register," in thirty volumes.

Also, at the age of eight, he began—not only Latin, but geometry and algebra, and became the schoolmaster to the younger children of the family. His father's main idea was to have the boy sure of his "evidence," that is, sure of the facts in the case. Hence, what he was after was the method of thought.

He trained the boy to this end until he was fourteen.

At fifteen young Mill went to France, and then began that part of his education under other teachers than his father. At seventeen he entered the India House, in London, as a clerk. This work was his livelihood, and he did his writing as Charles Lamb did (who also was a clerk), outside of office hours.

John Stuart Mill died at the age of sixty-seven, an author who had written many books. How much good the early training he had, served him may be questioned. But there is no question about the next fact: WHAT HE DESIRED TO DO, AS AN AUTHOR, HE DID.

A great many people love to think great thoughts. After a few minutes of it they go to bed. When Mill felt that thoughts worth while were in his mind, he went to work instead of to bed.

Education is a great thing. But with it, or

without it, the question is: WHAT DO YOUR
THOUGHTS MAKE YOU DO?

And there is no other question beyond this
one

FARM TO PALACE

ONE day Queen Victoria of England sat down to dinner with a guest. The Queen was then young, for this was in 1839. Her guest was a man of so great dignity and of such striking appearance that when he walked through the streets of London people stopped to gaze at him in admiration. Dignity came out of him like perfume out of a flower.

Most biography is written forward. You begin with the boy and end with the man. This time we will begin with the dinner at the palace, and by going backward try to find out how the guest got the invitation to sit at the table of the greatest queen of her times.

When the guest was at home, he lived on a farm in Massachusetts. He had gradually

made it a fine country place by spending time and money in improving it. One day he put on his old clothes, and, wandering around his fields, looked at the growing crops, at the cattle and trees. "I would rather be here," he said, "than in the United States Senate."

As a matter of fact, he was then a Senator. Just before this he had been a member of the Cabinet of President Taylor and of President W. H. Harrison, serving as Secretary of State.

On the Fourth of July, 1826, the United States had been independent for fifty years; and on that same day two of its truly great men died—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Both had served as Presidents. Both had won renown as public servants. The country honored them in many ways, one of which was in a memorial service held in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

The Queen's guest was the orator on that occasion. It has been said that never before

in the history of the world was so great an oration delivered as that.

At the age of thirty he condemned with his oratory, the war with England, the war of 1812. In that year, and before, he was a lawyer with an office in a "common, ordinary room." He had been offered the position as clerk in the County Court, salary fifteen hundred dollars.

His father was a judge in this same court, and it pleased him to think that his son was to be thus associated with him. After some thought on the matter, he asked the advice of a friend, who said:

"You are poor, but there are worse things than poverty. Finish your studies, make yourself useful. Have nothing to fear."

Then the youth told his father that he would not accept the clerkship. The old judge looked at him angrily, and said:

"My son, your mother always held that you would amount to a good deal or to noth-

ing. I think you have settled the matter.”

We need only to go a little farther back. The youth taught school and helped his father on the farm in New Hampshire.

One day while they were getting in the hay, the judge looked at his son, and said :

“Daniel, this kind of work hardly suits you. You must prepare for better things than pitching hay.”

So after many trials and misunderstandings he was enabled to hang his sign on the office door :

D. WEBSTER, ATTORNEY

After that, with strict attention to business, it was a story of hard work, of success, and of dinner with a queen.

A NEW ENGLAND PHILOSOPHER

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, in a book written for young men, urges them to read the works of Emerson, the so-called Concord philosopher. He especially recommends the Essays, and of them, particularly these: "Character," "Manners" and "Self-Reliance."

Many people find it difficult to read Emerson's Essays. And yet there must be a popular demand for his works, for they are reprinted in many cheap editions, and can be purchased for a few cents.

Those who enjoy Emerson's writing enjoy it immensely. He seems to show you, more by a hint than by what he says in exact words, what you may often have surmised about

yourself. There is a mystical quality to his writing that seems full of suggestion to some readers.

His essay entitled "Compensation," and his book on Nature have been universally praised. It would seem best to read "Self-Reliance" first, then "Compensation," then "Friendship." This will acquaint you with his style and peculiarity of expression, and make all further reading of his works easier.

It may appear at first that there is little connection between one paragraph and another; often, between one sentence and the next. But close study shows that there is a connective point that it is worth while to find.

You may find it easier to read, not the Essays first, but the following books: (1) "Society and Solitude," (2) "Conduct of Life," (3) "Representative Men."

They are, in a sense, simpler than the Essays, and those who care to read discussions on such themes as Work, Culture, Books, etc.,

will find them worth not only one reading, but many.

On first reading Emerson's works one thinks he is forever trying to put the greatest meaning in the fewest words. This is true. And because he does this he leaves the reader's mind free to study over the suggestion he offers. He never exclaims or elaborates, but keeps on throwing out one surprising hint after another. At the end of one of his sentences you must stop and wait and think it over. It reminds you of traveling by a train that stops at every station and allows you to get out and spend a while looking about. Of course, you get a much broader idea of the country that way than if you travel through it by express and sleep in a berth all night.

You can readily tell if the sentences of this writer reach you. Here are a few. The first one is simple, but those who want something for nothing will not care for it:

“Every man is a consumer and ought to be a producer.”

If Emerson can make us get out of the train when we read the next one, it may benefit us:

“The practical question is: How shall I live?”

The next quotation might make some rogues laugh, though later on they might not laugh so heartily:

“A man’s fortunes are the fruit of his character.”

Sometimes he gets down to concrete facts and directions, thus:

“The way to learn German is to read the same dozen pages over and over again a hundred times, till you know every word and particle in them, and can pronounce and repeat them by heart.”

Here is another concrete fact:

“Go with mean people and you think life is mean.”

In another mood he reaches out and seems

to tap you on the head as if to wake you up:

“A man is a god in disguise, PLAYING THE FOOL.”

“When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a wise man relies on the language of the first,” which means that while the tongue is lying the eyes speak the truth.

“A little integrity is better than any career,” or, better be humble and honest than a great artist in getting other people’s money while their eyes are shut.

If you can read Emerson he will be a schoolmaster to you. Don’t be impatient with him. He will chastise you. If you are honest he will show you that you have a wealth of character. If you tell truths with the eyes and not with your words he will shame you. If you feel that the top of your head is inactive, to read him will start the wheels going as Nature intended.

And, after all, when an author can do these things for us it must be worth while to try

him. Too many authors comfort us, tickle us with a perfumed feather. Here is one who makes you stand up and take what is coming.

A LAME BOY

IT is said that the best two biographies in the English language are Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and J. G. Lockhart's "Life of Walter Scott." Lockhart was Scott's son-in-law, and his account of the great Scotch author is full of detail that makes you know exactly what kind of a man he was. Such books are the moving pictures of literature. The films are in the page, and your own brain is the machine that throws them on the screen of the imagination.

As a boy, Scott was whole-hearted, bright, active and cheerful. He loved to play, despite his lameness.

Walter Scott was not much of a success in school, although he loved to read history, par-

ticularly that embodied in the stories of his own people, the "Border Chivalry," as he knew it.

Now, such tales are full of action, and the boy not only read them, but he would gather his school friends about him and recite them by the hour. This is one important fact in his life. IT WAS THE WAY HE BEGAN TO LEARN EVERYTHING THAT AFTERWARD MADE THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

In the course of time, the cheerful lame boy studied law and was admitted to the bar. Then he became a county sheriff, and, finally, clerk of the court at Edinburgh, receiving as a salary for his services about eight thousand dollars per year. He was thirty-four before his first great book was published—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Forty thousand copies were sold in Great Britain alone. This success led Scott to choose authorship as his life work. "Marmion" was printed in 1808, and the publishers made him an offer of five

thousand dollars for it before they had even seen the manuscript.

Was the lame man filled with pride over his success?

This incident answers that question. When he was forty-two years old the Prince Regent asked Scott to accept the post of Poet Laureate. He was acknowledged to be the most popular poet in Great Britain. It was an honor, and great men of his time craved it. But Scott not only declined the position, but he worked hard to secure it for his friend, Robert Southey, who, he replied, needs the salary more than I do.

In the same year, 1813, Scott began his first novel, "Waverley." In the next eleven or twelve years he wrote about twenty of these books, which we know as the Waverley Novels. They brought him about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, a sum much more in those days than it is in these of high cost of living.

For many years only a very few of his intimate friends knew that he was the author of these famous books, for they were published without his name. In fact, he was so particular that he should not be spoken of as their author that his family used to call him "The Great Unknown."

The success that made Scott's life so pleasant in many ways was disturbed by his investment of money in a publishing house. Neither the publishers, nor Scott himself, ever gave much attention to the details of the business and they all woke up one morning to the fact that a failure stared them in the face. The debts amounted to over half a million of dollars.

This happened when Scott was fifty-two years old. Look around among your friends and see how many of them over fifty have plenty of fight left in them; how many of them have the courage to face an enormous debt and not lose heart. When Scott's

friends offered him enough money to fail on with satisfaction to the creditors, he said, "No! This right hand shall work it all off."

So he set his right hand at work with pen and ink and paper, and his imagination filled the pages of more books with those wonderful pictures that you have probably read many times with great pleasure. Bit by bit that great debt of a half million dollars began to disappear. He had paid off about one-half of it when his health failed, and there was no more work in him. But the lame man had won the honor of all his people, and a government frigate was sent to take him to the Mediterranean that he might have the benefit of a southern trip.

He made the journey and returned to his home worse than a lame man—a man broken in spirit—for he felt that his work was not yet done. He had lived a busy life; his pride was to be held in the memory of his friends as an honest man. He had been successful,

had won wealth, honor at court, and the praise of the English reading public. What did it all teach him?

It taught him this:

As he lay on his deathbed he called his son-in-law, Lockhart, to him, and said:

“I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.”

The body was lame, but the spirit had wings.

'AN IRISH BOY

FEW people who read English have not read or heard of a famous book called "The Vicar of Wakefield." It was written by an Irishman who, as a boy, tried his hand at many things and failed at most of them.

His father was a farmer and preacher, and his son, Oliver Goldsmith, had the advantage of going to school and preparing for the university. He tells us that his great asset was a "knack of hoping." This cheered him when he was blue, and led him to look, like Micawber, for "something to turn up."

After his father's death his uncle urged him to study for the church. While at this he gained a great reputation for singing songs and telling stories. When the day came for him to present himself to the bishop for ordi-

nation he wore his "scarlet breeches," and, of course, as we say in these days, he was turned down.

Then he spent some time teaching the children of a gentleman's family. This work was not to his taste, for it kept him from his story telling and song singing, and from playing on his flute. So he gave it up; and with a little over a hundred dollars in his pocket he set out to see the world, on horseback; hoping to make his way, not only with his money, but with his story telling and his music.

Some few weeks later he turned up at the front door, on a little pony, poor as he could be, having spent all his money.

Then he tried the law, and set out for London to study. On the way he met a jolly lot of young men, and before the next morning all his money was gambled away. So he left London on the left, and went to Edinburgh to study medicine. This time he did stick to it for a while, but the love of travel tempted him

to the countries of Europe, and thither he went, tramping from place to place, playing his flute for those who wanted to sing or dance. You can read the story of this adventure in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

After a while, with plenty of poverty mixed with his "knack of hoping," he settled down to writing. He became acquainted with the leading men of his time. He wrote much that is loved by English readers of to-day, and much else that is forgotten.

Having been a soldier of fortune for many years, it finally occurred to him to become a philosopher. Here is the way he set about it, as described in one of his own letters:

"I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea and check my grate with brickbats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture

enough and won't be a bit too expensive; for I will draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper and wrote with my best pen, of which the following will serve as a specimen. LOOK SHARP; MIND THE MAIN CHANCE; MONEY IS MONEY NOW; IF YOU HAVE A THOUSAND POUNDS YOU CAN PUT YOUR HANDS BY YOUR SIDES AND SAY YOU ARE WORTH A THOUSAND POUNDS EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR; TAKE A FARTHING FROM A HUNDRED AND IT WILL BE A HUNDRED NO LONGER."

In general appearance, Goldsmith was rather short, about five feet five. His hair was brown, and on it, as the custom was, he wore a wig. He was a cheerful man; in fact, he must have been, to live the happy-go-lucky life he chose. But back of it all there was a solid character, and with this he won the admiration of many great men.

One writer said of him, "The poor fellow was never so friendless but he would befriend someone else."

If he had no money or food for the children of a poor London street, he pulled his flute out of his coat pocket and played tunes for them so that they should dance their unhappiness away.

Being fond of story telling and being Irish, he was, of course, humorous. He and Samuel Johnson were eating a kidney supper together one evening.

"These are pretty little things," said Johnson, "but it takes a lot of them to fill a man."

"Yes," said Goldsmith, "but how many of them would it take to reach to the moon?"

"That," said Johnson, "is beyond your power to calculate."

"Not at all, not at all, I think I can tell."

"Well, then, let us hear."

"Why," said Goldsmith, "just one; if it were long enough."

THE FATHER OF A GREAT STATE

WILLIAM PENN was an Englishman, born in the year 1644. He was a traveler, a man of affairs, an adviser of kings, and a thinker on those subjects which are more permanent than places, business, kings or queens.

At the age of forty-eight Mr. Penn began to write about those thoughts that seemed to him of permanent value. He had mingled with men of low and high degree, he had spent some time in jail, he was the friend of anyone in trouble, and he had founded a colony in America that bore his name. All this made him feel that he could safely write out certain impressions of life that might be of value to others. That he was a man of honorable intent he proved to the world by making

a treaty with the Indians, under a great tree on the bank of the Delaware river; a treaty that has been described as one not ratified by an oath, and one that was never broken.

William Penn lived a remarkably busy life among men, and yet when he came to give a name to his little book he called it "Fruits of Solitude."

Solitude, he says, is a schoolroom few care to learn in, though it is the best of all places for instruction. "Some parts of my book," he says, "are the results of serious reflection, others the flashings of lucid intervals."

Like the famous note book of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, this, too, was written for "private satisfaction." While William Penn wrote, it was, so to say, to box his own compass, to see where he was on the ocean of life and to put down in his log book the impressions he had picked up on the journey. And all this for his present satisfaction and his future guidance.

Penn offers to us two valuable suggestions: (1) Until we stop and step a little aside out of the noisy crowd of the world and calmly look about we shall never be able to know ourselves. (2) We waste nothing so freely as time. Time is what we most want, and yet we use it the worst.

If we go no further in the Fruits of Solitude than this, it would pay most of us to get these two hints. We are all guilty. We all hope the noise of the crowd will keep us from hearing the still, small voice within, and we all waste time.

But if we read further we shall find that he keeps up the good advice, and is always practical. His words are simple, paragraphs short, each one numbered so that we can easily keep our place; also, we can stop when we will, and at every stopping place have something to think upon that is worth while.

You may think on reading the first pages of this book that it is a religious book and you

may throw it in the corner and pick up something more exciting.

It is not a religious book, although it is a serious one. But to everyone, now and then, even to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick man, life takes a serious turn. When it does this for any one of those gentlemen, it would be well for him to have a little seriousness about him, for in it he would find comfort.

Though Penn's little book was first published in 1693 (and without his name), yet its common sense is of use in these days. For example:

1. Excess in dress is a costly folly. The trimmings of the vain would clothe the naked.

(Not long ago a paper printed a news item about a woman whose evening shoes were made of humming birds' breasts.)

2. Do nothing improperly.

(Because things are not properly done, it is very easy in these days for a hundred or

more girls to be roasted to death because the fire escapes are not in order.)

3. The glory of a servant is fidelity.

(Not long ago the officers of the law had to bring a man home from Mexico who had trotted down there with about two hundred thousand dollars of his neighbors' money.)

4. Be rather bountiful, than expensive.

(A few days ago, a man of forty explained, before he went to jail, how he had fixed his accounts so as to spend a few thousands of dollars more than he was earning.)

Penn's Fruits of Solitude apply in 1912 with so close a fit that you cannot see the joints.

A WRITER OF FABLES

AT all times in the world's history people have been fond of fables. A fable is a short and very simple story that is supposed to illustrate a truth.

For example, here is one:

“The hares were arguing in a meeting one day that all animals should have equal rights. A lion arose and said: ‘Friends, your words sound grand, but you have neither the teeth nor the claws that we have.’ ”

Of course, it is clear that if the lions had been arguing for equal rights, the hares would have said nothing. So this fable could have been made to illustrate a great truth, in two ways.

But there is no question about the next one:

“A wolf, passing a hut, looked in at the

door and saw some shepherds eating mutton for dinner. Calling out to them, he said:

“ ‘What a row you would make if you caught me doing the same thing!’ ”

Which, after all, is only another view of equal rights.

The great writer of fables was a slave named *Æsop*. Where he was born, nobody knows. The date of his birth was about 600 B. C., twenty-five hundred years ago. A great number of learned men have written about him, and one, a Frenchman, devoted several years to trying to learn the facts of his life. This shows that being a slave is an accident of social conditions, but being a thinker is a matter of another kind. No one has ever cared to write the life of the man that owned *Æsop*. In fact, *Æsop* seems to have been owned by two masters, one of whom gave him his liberty because he was impressed by his learning and wit.

Once free, the former slave raised himself

to a high position. He traveled in many countries. No one knows what books he read, but everyone knows the book he wrote—which, after all, is more to the point. He visited many cities of the ancient world, and was invited by Cræsus to live at Sardis.

Cræsus, you may remember, was said to be the richest man who ever lived. So we say, in these days, “as rich as Cræsus,” when we speak of a very wealthy man. Like the oil, sugar and steel gentlemen of to-day, Cræsus made it a custom to give away money; not to colleges and libraries, but after the manner of his time.

One day he sent Æsop to a town called Delphi, to distribute a large sum among its people. Every one of them was so anxious to get it all that Æsop was disgusted with them, and sent it back to the king. For this, the people killed him; a sad end for a man who has money to give away.

If they had not killed Æsop, he might have

written one more fable about being greedy, something like this:

There was once a very rich man who called his private secretary to him, and said:

“Clarence, here are a couple of million dollars. Go down Broadway, and ask the first ten people you meet how much money they need to make them happy. Get the name and address of each, and bring it to me.”

So Clarence started in at Forty-second street and Broadway, and walked south. The first man he met said to him:

“I never give to charity.” He misunderstood the question. The next person was a newsboy. He understood the question all right, and threw a snowball at Clarence.

The next three people told him he was crazy.

The sixth was a lady, who complained to an officer that, “this man insulted me.”

Clarence had a good deal of trouble convincing the judge that what he was doing was

following directions. But he did so, and the judge sent him home, with the advice “not to act like a fool again.”

As Clarence was leaving the court-room a well-dressed man said to him:

“Is that straight about old man So-and-So wanting to give away two million dollars?”

Clarence nodded.

“Well, then, why in —, that is, why did you not see me first? I live in his ward, and control more than half the voters there.”

This fable teaches that the only way to distribute money gratis is to do it with system.

Æsop discovered that.

WALKING TO LONDON

THE goddess Fortune does not sit in an office. She walks the streets, up and down, ready to meet those who will play the game according to the rules, and take her gifts for the trouble.

If we want this lady to smile on us we, too, must walk the streets, up and down, missing nothing, and waiting patiently until she comes along. After that, if we play the game according to the rules, the rest is easy.

There used to live in a small English city, a bookseller, who had one child, a boy named Samuel. He grew to be a great ungainly youth, much like other boys in many ways, and yet unlike them in many other ways. To begin with, he was sick most of his life. He was nearly blind. He suffered from melan-

cholia, commonly called having the blues, and he had them in a bad form. He was superstitious; absent-minded; underfed for many years, and overfed when he found a chance to get as much to eat as he wanted.

When Samuel was a little boy, his mother took him into the presence of Queen Anne, that she might touch him for the disease called the king's evil (scrofula), for it was believed in those days that the royal touch would cure anyone of the disease with the royal name. But it didn't cure Samuel.

When he was ready for it, he went to college, to Pembroke at Oxford—a friend of the family promising to pay his bills, only, by the way, he did not do so. When Samuel arrived at the college gate the boys spotted him for a scarecrow, and began to have fun with him. He was ragged and unkempt, and funny to look at, and probably unclean. After a while he was called before the examiners of the college. He shuffled up the stairs and went

into the presence of the mighty men whose learning has made Oxford famous for many centuries. They asked Samuel questions about all sorts of things, and he answered them in his own way. While he was shuffling down the stairs again, these mighty men looked at one another, and confessed that no one had ever come to Oxford who knew so much as Samuel Johnson.

Then he went down to the gate again, and the boys began once more to have fun with him. But this time he began to get his bearings and to talk to them. It was not long before their fun changed to wonder, and their wonder to respect.

What next?

After a while he walked to London to meet Fortune. And he walked and walked for years and never had a glimpse of her. But meanwhile the knowledge that had so surprised the Oxford professors kept on increasing and forcing him to show himself. Now a

play, or a poem, or the life of a friend (read his life of Richard Savage), then the English Dictionary.

Meanwhile, out of obscurity, the name of Samuel Johnson became known in the literary life of London, but still the poverty hung to him. But he went on writing this and that book, getting a meal when he could in a basement tripe shop, knocking down any man who insulted him (and some did). Then on top of it all, a pension of 300 pounds (\$1,500) was offered him on the part of the King.

And he hesitated to take it, wondering if he would thereby lose that independence of thought and action which he had always kept by him as his best possession. But his friends showed him that he would do himself great injustice not to accept it. And he did. So for the rest of his life he had, at least, common comforts? Oh, no. He did not spend all those pounds sterling on himself. Anyone who was poor could have a share, not only of

the money, but of the house he lived in. And he had plenty of pensioners, who not only took what he gave them, but grumbled at the accommodations.

One day a man who was in danger of going to jail for debt sent for Samuel Johnson to help him out. He went and found his friend held up by the constable for non-payment of rent to the landlady. Johnson gave his friend a guinea and asked him if he had any bit of writing that could be sold to a publisher.

The poor author gave him a package and Johnson went off to sell it. And he did. It was a story. And the name of it was the "Vicar of Wakefield," the poor gentleman who owed his landlady being no other than Oliver Goldsmith.

LINCOLN AND HIS BOOKS

READING is something like motor power—of value when it is hitched to something that will move forward.

A manufacturer said once that he always liked to know that the young man who worked for him was a book reader. If he reads books about the affairs of daily life—work, health, money, food, gardening, anything that connects with practical living—it is sure to do him good.

And it does him good because it tells him what he does not know about his own affairs and the environment in which he lives. It leads him to be a finer workman, to take care of his health and of his money, to beautify his home; in brief, it stirs him up and makes him move.

We ought to avoid books that do not make us move forward; that do not urge us to do things. As a rule, we read too much. It is easy to get books, to skip from one to another; to handle many, and to know none. A few well read (that is, read often) will do more for us than half knowing a great number.

Lincoln's books were few. His boyhood library was made up of:

(1) The Bible, (2) Æsop's Fables, (3) Robinson Crusoe, (4) Pilgrim's Progress, (5) A History of the United States, (6) Life of Washington, (7) Franklin's Autobiography, and, later on, of (8) The Life of Henry Clay, (9) Poems by Robert Burns, (10) The Plays of Shakespeare.

These few books seem to have passed their qualities over to him. He could think clearly, use simple language, and always move directly upon the subject in hand. Perhaps the principal influence of these books is found in his use of English. He wrote clearly and simply,

using no unnecessary words, and yet painting a picture that was large in its proportions, and as clear as a bright day in its effect.

The closing lines of the Gettysburg speech illustrate this.

“We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

Here is stated the purpose of the Republic in forty-three words, of which thirty-four are words of one syllable. And every one clear even to a child.

It is not, however, the one-syllable word that is always best; it is having something to say, knowing exactly what you want to say, and having learned by observation, how to say it the most direct way.

We must think of the thing to say. Reading good books will help us in the effort to say

it. Lincoln could think. Books helped him to clothe his thoughts in words.

Everybody, by close and long-continued study, can gain the same power of expression.

We must remember:

To read a few books of the best kind.

To read them over and over again.

To aim to tell our message in a few words; the shorter, the better.

After a while the spirit of the language art we are learning will creep into our speech, and we shall be able to talk in simple words and say something.

The Latin side of English is rich in long words. Samuel Johnson preferred them. Here is a characteristic sentence that shows his use of them:

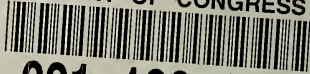
“They who imagine themselves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are inclined to treat the notions of those whose conduct they superintend with superciliousness and contempt.”

The Anglo-Saxon side of English is rich in short words. The Book of Ruth, in the Old Testament, is of this order of English. Compare this sentence with that by Johnson:

“And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers.”

Thirteen words, and eleven of them are of one syllable.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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